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M. de Gorostiza, the Mexican minister, who is the author of several very successful dramas in the Spanish language, is now engaged on a work of some importance, which will be published either here or in Paris. The following authentic anecdote of this gentleman, will, I think, be read with interest. On his first mission to Europe, he was entrusted with the negotiation of an important commercial treaty with the Prussian government; when the treaty was concluded, and the contracting parties were about to affix their signatures at Berlin, the Russian minister desired to know what title M. de Gorostiza would have affixed to his name. The latter being at that time styled by his government merely the confidential agent of Mexico, replied, that he had none; "what?" said the Baron Bulow, "no title?" Considerable hesitation hereupon ensued, and notwithstanding M. de Gorostiza's observing, that in republican governments no titles were admitted, it was considered highly improper that the seals should be affixed to a treaty in which one of the subscribing parties was an untitled personage. In this state of things, there was some danger of the treaty remaining unexecuted, when fortunately for the embarrassed diplomatist, it was recollect that M. de Gorostiza had held the rank of Colonel in the Mexican army; this smoothed every difficulty, and Colonel de Gorostiza executed an instrument, which to plain Mr. would have been impossible.

In the last number of the Dublin Literary Gazette, it was stated in a communication from Paris, that M. Cottreau, a French physician, had discovered a mode of curing consumption, by the inhalation of chloruret. I find on enquiry, that this has already been attempted with success in this country, and that great benefit is expected to arise from an improved method of administering it. When it is considered that a very large portion of the community fall annually victims to this fatal malady, we cannot but feel delighted at the prospect of a remedy which bids fair to rescue so many persons from its destructive influence. I shall carefully watch the result of some cases now in hand, and communicate it to you, so that you may be able to put the faculty of the Irish capital in possession of the earliest information on the subject.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

Sir,

As you were so good as to give insertion in your most interesting journal, to the "Hints for the formation of a Society for promoting the Study of Natural History in Dublin," I am induced to hope you will confer the same favor on my present letter.

I am happy to have to inform you, that without any personal applications, above seventy gentlemen have already signed their names as willing to become subscribers, in the books left for that purpose at the Literary Gazette Office, and at Mr. Glennon's, Suffolk-street, and there is no doubt of a great number of names being added, when the intention is more generally known.

A gift has been already made to the intended Society, accompanied by the following letter:

Sir.—Having had the pleasure of reading in the Literary Gazette, an article relative to the establishment of a Museum in Dublin, for the encouragement of the study of Natural History, on a plan therein so satisfactorily described,

I beg to say, that the undertaking appears to me most desirable, and must, in my opinion, encourage every lover of the science to aid in its advancement.

I avail myself of my present visit to this country, to present to the Institution a perfect set of specimens illustrative of the Geology of Cumberland, with a set of Musical stones, known by the name of Clink stones—and I shall be happy, on my next visit from Keswick to show my anxiety to further the object in view, by making any additions I can to the intended Museum.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient Servant,
ROBERT CRAMPTON.
3, Suffolk-street, March 3d.

Edward Murphy, esq. of Aughnacloy, in entering his name, adds as follows:

"I have carefully collected specimens of the Geology of the Counties of Tyrone, Donegal and Derry, which I shall have great pleasure in presenting to the Society, whenever a place is fitted for their reception."

E. M.
I have also to acknowledge the receipt of a handsome silver medal, by Mossop, struck on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Ireland, from William Brereton, esq. of Borris in Ossory.

Several gentlemen have expressed their intentions of presenting specimens of Natural History, as soon as a place is determined on to commence the Museum in, and there is little doubt, that when entered upon, its success will be as great as can be desired.

When a sufficient number of names are subscribed to warrant its being done, a general meeting will be requested, to consider of the best means of commencing the Society: books still lie for that purpose, at the Literary Gazette Office, D'Olier-street, and at Mr. Glennon's, 3, Suffolk-street.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient Servant,
W.

THE ENGLISH IN FRANCE.

It is scarcely fair to throw all the malice to which idiomatic blunders and literal translations have from time immemorial doomed the French, exclusively upon our vivacious neighbours; and it may be more than suspected, that we owe our security rather to habitual shyness and constitutional silence, than to any particularly felicitous aptitude in discovering the right way of expressing our ideas in a foreign language. A

Frenchman once said, "que Messieurs les Anglois avoient un talent merveilleux pour le silence," and certainly in comparison with their own extreme volubility, the often abstracted air, and general taciturnity of the English, must appear to them very remarkable, for while even our well educated young people, who have recently learned both to speak and write French, obstinately refuse, in England, to risk the possibility of a mistake, in order to satisfy the eager inquiry of a foreigner, French ladies and gentlemen seldom hesitate to speak as well as they can, and always good-humouredly join in the laugh which their own comical blunders occasion, and which our want of *savoir vivre* too often exposes.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that to stifle a smile is not always possible; a perfectly amiable and modest French lady of my acquaintance, Mad. de P. convulsed a whole dinner party with laughter, by gravely asking a gentleman near her, if she should help him to some *crim con!* (crimped cod.)

But an Englishman must speak French in France, or, forty years ago, he might have starved; now, he only runs the risk of mistaking *harrico* for stewed mutton cutlets, and getting a pain in his stomach from the indigestible white beans, which are thus designated in the "carte" of the restaurateur—not forty years ago, but something more than fourteen, in that memorable year when *la belle ville de Paris*, was occupied by the allied armies, many of our officers found it extremely difficult to make themselves understood; and it is related of a certain *hungry Major* —, of the — dragoons, that he went to a restaurant in the Palais Royal, in no small doubt how to express his wants to the *Garçon de Caffe*, who stood gazing at him with that indescribable mixture of subservience and impudence in his look, which belongs to his "caste"—"Garçon!" at last said the Major, with a self satisfied air, "Je suis — fameux! Oh oui monsieur," answered the waiter, with a shrug and a sigh, "sans doute tous les officiers Anglais le sont." Pshaw, nonsense, that won't do, I must try again, *Garçon?* Plait-il monsieur? *Garçon J'ai une grosse femme!* ha, ha, apparemment que Monsieur aime l'embonpoint! et des petits enfans?—no, no, pas cela, stupid idiot not to understand his own language!" Once more, with the voice of a Stentor, he exclaimed, "Garçon je suis — femme !!!" this was too much even for the enduring politesse of a French *Garçon*, who, no longer able to repress his laughter, could only point to the Major's bushy whiskers and well curled moustaches, and vociferate, "Oh pour le coup monsieur la chose n'est pas possible!"

[The foregoing anecdote, which has the singular merit of truth to recommend it, is from the pen of the same fair and distant correspondent to whose thoughtful kindness we have had occasion, more than once, to express our obligations. We need scarcely inform our readers, that what the Major meant to express, in his three unfortunate essays, was 1, Je suis affame; 2, J'ai grand fain; 3, J'ai fain. The anecdotes of the French emigrés are carefully cherished in petto, and shall appear in due season.]

NEW MUSIC.

"*The False Maid*," from the poetry of the Magyars, by Doctor Bowring, the music composed by Vincent Mazzocchi, (A. Ellard, Dublin.)

We congratulate the musical world on the first effort to illustrate by music the delightful effusions of the Hungarian poets, for an acquaintance with whom we are indebted to the work of Doctor Bowring, which we recently noticed.—The composer in the present instance appears to have selected the most simple, from among the many beautiful specimens of poetry which the work in question exhibits, but we trust he may be induced to pursue his exertions in a field so propitious to the exercise of his talents.—The melody of the song under our notice, is at once flowing and graceful, exhibiting as a musical composition, many characteristics of Rossini's style, as well as much of theoretical tact in the composer.—In the second verse, the progression from G major to B flat, and the reversion to the original key, has a novel and pleasing effect; the chorus also, at the conclusion of each stanza, is